



# Why, why, why, WHY is it always the holidays?



Chaz


 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2007-11-23> 10:56:00

MOOD: 😞 exhausted

MUSIC: Chris Isaak - Life Will Go On

(Also, the three AM phone call is nine times worse when there's a warm snuggly body in the bed to drag yourself away from.

 [trollcatz](https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/) (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>), you are a pillar of strength. I dunno how you do it. At least I had the sense to bring a jump bag and my sidearm, though Amarilis wasn't too pleased to have it in the apartment.)

At least it's San Diego. It's warm here, and they have food. And maybe if it goes okay, I'll have time to visit friends.

I need something positive to look forward to after that scene.

Please tell me this is not going to be a bad one.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

31 comments



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 23 2007, 18:04:23 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It's not so hard. At least, not when the warm body responds with "Aggh. Get out of bed and make that thing SHUT UP."

I believe that's a direct quote. After all, I didn't hear it that long ago. \*g\*



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 18:11:38 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Ahhh, young love.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 18:06:27 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

she does know you don't exactly work for ben&jerry's, right?



 [cvillette](#)

[November 23 2007, 18:11:19 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

I explained. (Oh, the glamorous jet-set life of the FBI agent. Coffee, please?) She just doesn't like the gun.

I get it. I didn't like the gun either, at first. Held it like it might bite.

So I just keep it out of sight when she's around. I have a safe at my place--the kids down the hall are in and out all the time. So the pistols and the ammo live there when I'm home. At her place, it's a little harder finding someplace to stash the damned thing.

Fanny pack, I guess, unless I want to haul the backpack everywhere. I bet I could modify the backpack with a snap-in holster.

Hmm.

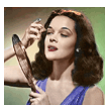


 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 19:03:11 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

fanny pack. A hundredzillion law enforcement professionals can't be wrong.

'cause the backpack is somewhere behind your elbow out of reach, and it swings around, and it can be dropped or hung up on the other side of the room. if you're carrying, you need to carry where you can drop your hand and come up with your finger registered on the barrel without thinking about it, or there's no point in carrying.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 19:05:14 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

yeah, I *was* looking at the scene photos while I wrote that. what tipped you? tone of voice?

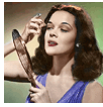


 [cvillette](#)

[November 23 2007, 19:36:02 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

This guy's a sunofabitch, 0. I suspect the Cowboy's reading light is going to keep me up all night, given the dirty tricks this guy is pulling on the responding officers.

Fanny pack it is.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:19:25 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, great. wait'll he finds out the g men are on it. 8+P

Crap. I hate having to sit here, times like this.



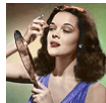
 [cvillette](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:22:32 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

What you're really sorry about, he said, making a conscious effort to lighten the tone, is that you didn't get to meet Duke at the airport. He brought one of those soft-sided lunch coolers.

Full of turkey sandwiches.

Said his sister can't be argued out of making a 23-pound turkey, no matter that it's just the three of them now.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:35:28 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Leftovers! Waaaaaaaaaaaant!

Ask Unca Duke if I can marry his sister.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:36:38 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

She's too old for us.

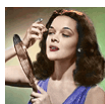
And she lives in one of those vowel states.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:43:04 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, Oregon begins with a vowel. I'd live there.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:45:11 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

I am not ageist.

Dry turkey, tho, that's a compatibility issue.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:38:07 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey! You and T are the only ones left behind with the remains of three turkeys, a gallon and a half of mashed potatoes, and two point five pies.

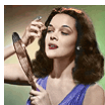
And no, I don't expect there will be any left when we get back. :\  
(Chaz is a better cook than Ms. Todd. The turkey was dry.)



 [cvillette](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:38:30 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

The big ones always are.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:41:51 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

ho ho. you totally lost count on the pies and the potatoes before everybody left home. Miss Nodding-On-Couch.

And "remains" is the right word, if you mean what's left after we've licked the turkey carcass until there's nothing left but smell. \*g\*

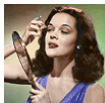


 [trollcatz](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:43:26 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Hah. I'm the one who put it away and washed the dishes. I remember exactly how much was left.

The sad puppy dog starving eyes do not work on me!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:47:03 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm gonna chew your shoes.

gawd, did we really leave that much pie? I can't believe that.

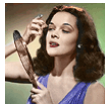


 [trollcatz](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:49:39 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

YOU MADE SIX.

That was one for you, one for Chaz, T. and I each had two pieces, and I have NO IDEA what happened to the missing one. Gremlins? Carolers? Anomaloids?



[Ometotchtli](#)

November 23 2007, 20:51:58 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

YOU MADE SIX.

What's your point?

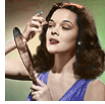


[trollcatz](#)

November 23 2007, 20:52:56 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

two point five still doesn't make the math come out.



[Ometotchtli](#)

November 23 2007, 20:55:29 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

These things happen, man. You gotta learn to let it go.



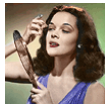
[cvillette](#)

November 23 2007, 20:54:31 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

It was such a perfect pie that it was assumed bodily into heaven. Really. I saw it.  
The angels carried it away.

\*looks just no end of innocent\*



[Ometotchtli](#)

November 23 2007, 20:57:33 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Ahem.

Somebody might have brought one over to his girlfriend's place. You know. As supplemental rations.



[trollcatz](#)

November 23 2007, 20:59:32 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

...or somebody might have brought one over to his girlfriend's place. You know.  
Such things do happen.

I've heard it said.



[cvillette](#)

November 23 2007, 21:01:25 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

\*cough\*




[trollcatz](#)

November 23 2007, 21:05:07 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

The relentless profiler gets the truth out of the UnSub and his partner--whoohoo!




 [cvillette](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:49:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'da washed, honest! Should have let me. You were a very sleepy Harpy.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:50:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Point of honor. I didn't cook.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:38:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Also, if you arrive home not bearing something for me from [here](#), I will be mad at you and steal your stapler and hide it.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 23 2007, 20:39:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Your wish, etc.

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[\[locked\] Dream Journal](#)

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